An Esthetic Daughter and a Superlative Practical Pa.

A few months ago the daughter of a Rockland man, who has grown comfortably well off in the small grocery line, was sent away to a "female college," and last week arrived home for the holiday vacation. The old man was in attendance at the depot when the train arrived, with the old horse in the delivery-wagon to convey his daughter and her trunk to the house. When the train had stopped a bewitching array of dry goods and a wide-brimmed hat dashed from the car and flung itself into the elderly party's arms.

"Why, you superlative pa!" she exclaimed. "I'm so utterly glad to see you."

The old man was somewhat unnerved by the greeting, but he recognized the sealskin cloak in his grip as the identical piece of property he had paid for with the bay mare, and he sort of squat it up in his arms, and planted a kiss where it would do the most good, with a report that sounded above the noise of the depot. In a brief space of time the trunk and its attendant baggage were loaded into the wagon, which was soon bumping over the hubbles toward home.

"Pa, dear," said the young miss, surveying the team with a critical eye, "do you consider this quite excessively beyond?"

"Hey?" returned the old man, with a puzzled air; "quite excessively beyond what? Beyond Warren? I consider it somewhat about ten mile beyond Warren, countin' from the Bath way, if that's what you mean."

"Oh, no, pa, you don't understand me," the daughter explained; "I mean this horse and wagon. Do you think they are soulful?—do you think they could be studied apart in the light of a symphony, or even a simple poem, and appear as intensely utter to one on returning home as one could express?"

The old man twisted uneasily in his seat, and muttered something about he believed it used to be used for an express-wagon before he bought it to deliver pork in, but the conversation appeared to be traveling in such a lonesome direction that he fetched the horse a resounding crack on the rotunda, and the severe jolting over the frozen ground prevented further remarks.

"Oh, there is that lovely and consummate ma!" screamed the returned collegiatess, as they drove up at the door; and presently she was lost in the embrace of a motherly woman in spectacles.

"Well, Maria," said the old man, at the supper table, as he nipped a piece of butter off the lump with his own knife, "an' how d' you like your school?"

"Well, there, pa, now you're shou—I mean, I consider it far too beyond," replied the daughter. "It is unquenchably ineffable. The girls are so sumptuously stunning—I mean grand—so exquisite—so intense. And then the parties, the balls, the rides—oh, the past weeks have been one sublime harmony."

"I s'pose so—I s'pose so," nervously assented the old man, as he reached for his third cup, "half full"—"but how about your books—readin', writin', grammar, rule o' three—how about them?"

"Pa, don't," exclaimed the daughter, reproachfully; "the rule of three! grammar! It is French, and music, and painting, and the divine in art that has made my school life the boss—I mean that have rendered it one unbroken flow of rhythmic bliss—incomparably and exquisitely all but."

The groceryman and his wife looked helplessly at each other across the table. After a lonesome pause the old lady said:

"How do you like the biscuits, Mary?"

"They are too utter for anything," gushed the accomplished young lady, "and this plum preserve is simply a poem in itself."

The old man abruptly rose from the table and went out of the room, rubbing his head in a dazed and benumbed manner, and the mass convention was dissolved. That night he and his wife sat alone by the stove until a late hour, and at the breakfast-table the next morning he rapped smartly on his plate with the handle of his knife and remarked:

"Maria, me an' your mother have been talkin' the thing over, an' we've come to the conclusion that this boardin'-school business is too utterly all but too much nonsense. Me an' her consider that we haven't lived sixty-odd consummate years for the purpose of raisin' a curiosity, and there's goin' to be a stop put to this unquenchable foolishness. Now, after you've finished that poem of fried sausage an' that symphony of twisted doughnut, you take an' dust up-stairs, in less'n two seconds, an' peel off that fancy gown an' put on a caliker, an' then come down here an' help your mother wash dishes. I want it distinctly understood that there ain't goin' to be no more rythmic foolishness in this house so long's your superlative pa an' your lovely an' consummate ma's runnin' the ranch. You hear me, Maria?"

Maria was listening.—*Rockland (N. Y.) Courier.*

One of Boston's Car Conductors.

They were riding home from the rehearsal the other afternoon, and discussing, as the car bumped along, the various compositions which had been performed. "Which do you think was the best?" inquired one. "Well," said the other, "on the whole that lovely nocturn of Choppin pleased me most"—the name of the composer is spelled as she pronounced it. The conductor was taking up fares at that moment, and turned pale, but recovering himself in a moment, he said, as he punched a ticket, "Showpang, if you please," and sailed out upon the rear platform, while the amateur musical critics gazed after him in speechless wonder.—*Boston Journal.*

—An English writer says that the middle-class Englishman, as a rule, does not buy books, except a few classics and professional treatises, but waits for his chance at the book club or circulating library. There are instances where authors are asked to lend their copies by men of ten times their income. Wine and china may be bought, but books must be hired; for, says the writer, the English are educated to the point of reading, but not to paying for books.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A school for railroad officials has been established in Germany. Here employees are instructed in railroading.

—Chemical science has recently succeeded in extracting the coloring matter from human hair. Three coloring pigments are found—yellow, red and black—the various shades being produced by mixture. It appears that in pure golden hair there is only the yellow pigment; in red hair the red is mixed with more or less yellow; while in dark hair the black is always mixed with yellow and red—even the blackest hair containing as much red pigment as the very reddest—the lighter colors being overpowered by the black.

—The results of soundings over the bed of the Atlantic have made clear, it is believed, the existence through the middle of the ocean, extending from north to south, of a sunken ridge, often less than 1,000 fathoms from the surface, while on either side the water has a depth of from 3,000 to more than 3,450 fathoms; so that the elevation of the ocean's bottom required to make these depths dry land would bring up between them a mountain range from 9,000 to 15,000 feet in height. The higher points of this sunken ridge now form the islands of the Azores.

—The English journals, in discussing the question of domestic poisons, suggest as a protection or remedy a law prohibiting the use of arsenic in the manufacture of any and all fabrics for domestic purposes—that is, in all those processes which leave the arsenic in the finished goods. It appears that the trade interests involved in this practice have been subjected to scientific investigation, and the alleged advantages in employment of arsenic for wall papers, etc., are shown to be for the most part imaginary. Among the paper stainers the use of arsenical pigments is being abandoned, and in other industries also they are much less resorted to than formerly. But, notwithstanding this, and the well-known fact that two or three grains of the article will destroy life, the production of arsenic in England last year was nearly 5,000 tons.

—A recent writer on the phenomena of friction asserts that a large portion of the friction of engines is the result of tight cylinder packing, and that in setting out packing it should be only tight enough to keep the steam from passing, this being also best done by degrees, setting out the rings a little, then blocking the crosshead, and testing by allowing steam in the crank end of the cylinder. When no steam passes, the rings are tight enough. In cylinders that have run for some time it is impossible to make a piston tight without reboring. Care is also requisite, in making a complete revolution of the engine by hand, after setting out the rings, to see that the packing does not stick in any of the smaller portions of the cylinder. Again, an engine that requires constant lubrications in the cylinder to prevent squeaking needs attention, as generally the rings will be found too tight or the cylinder out of line.

PITH AND POINT.

—Always judge a man by his depth, instead of his length.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Many a man owes his success in life to the hisses of his enemies, instead of the plaudits of his friends.—*Whitehall Times.*

—A young lady who was squeezed between two freight cars says it felt just like trying on a new pair of corsets.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

—The man who has all knowledge at his fingers' ends should not bite his nails; he might bite off more than he could conveniently chew.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"The truth always pays in the end" is an old saying, and that is the reason, probably, why there is so little of it told at the beginning of any business transaction.—*Somerville Journal.*

—A gentleman went into a Pearl street dry-goods store yesterday, and asked for ten yards of "naked cambric." The young lady blushed and said: "I guess you mean undressed cambric." "Oh, yes; that's it."—*Albany Argus.*

—This Man is very Busy. He is pushed for time. He looks as if he Had More on his hands than he could accomplish. We feel Sorry for him. He has an important Engagement to Keep, and he is Hurrying up Matters to Meet it. He is to be hung at Noon to-morrow.—*Denver Tribune Primer.*

—A Brooklyn man owns thirty dogs. We didn't suppose that so much grinding poverty could be centered in one man in that City of Churches. The individual who owns five dogs is generally an object of charity. What must be the destitution of the man who owns thirty?—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Brutus, bay not me!" remarked Cassius, when Brutus, who was in the genteel hair-dressing line, was about to anoint his customer's face with the aromatic bay rum. This is important, showing, as it does, that the barber of classic days followed the same course as does his successor of the present time.—*New Haven Register.*

A Typical American.

In a recent address before the Chicago Historical Society, Hon. Isaac N. Arnold related the following characteristic incident of the late William B. Ogden:

I recall an incident which illustrates Ogdens's energy, and is characteristic. On one occasion, in conversation with a lady, who, born to affluence, was reduced to poverty, and who was asking his advice how her inexperienced sons and daughters could earn a livelihood, to the question: "What can they do?" he replied: "If I was in the position of your sons, if I could do nothing better, I would hire myself out to dig potatoes with my fingers, and when I had earned enough to buy a hoe I would dig with it, and so I would climb up. If your sons are healthy and willing to work they will find enough to do, and if they can not begin at the top let them begin at the bottom, and very likely they will be all the better for it. I was born close by a sawmill, was early left an orphan, christened in a mill pond, graduated at a log school-house, and, at fourteen, fancied I could do anything I turned my hand to, and nothing was impossible, and ever since, madam, I have been trying to prove it, and with some success."

Our Young Folks.

THE BEST THAT WE CAN.

"I cannot do much," said a little star,
"To make the dark world bright!
My silvery beams cannot struggle far,
Through the folding gloom of night!
But I'm only part of God's great plan,
And I'll cheerfully do the best that I can!"

"What is the use," said a fleecy cloud,
"Of those few drops that I hold?
They will hardly bend the lily proud,
Though caught in her cup of gold?
Yet I am a part of God's great plan,
So my treasures I'll give as well as I can!"

A child went merrily forth to play,
But a thought, like a silver thread,
Kept winding in and out all day,
Through the happy golden head;
Mother said: "Darling, do all you can!
For you are a part of God's great plan!"

She knew no more than the glancing star,
Nor the cloud with its chalice full!
How, why, and for what, all strange things were?
She was only a child at school!
But she thought: "It is part of God's great plan
That even I should do all that I can!"

So she helped a younger child along,
When the road was rough to the feet,
And she sang from the heart a little song,
That we all thought passing sweet;
And her father, a weary, toil-worn man,
Said: "I, too, will do the best that I can!"

Our best! Ah, children, the best of us
Must hide our faces away,
When the Lord of the vineyard comes to look
At our task at the close of day!
But for strength from above, 'tis the Master's plan,
We'll pray, and we'll do the best that we can.
—*Episcopal Register.*

THE PORTER'S IRON COLLAR.

About sixteen miles from St. Petersburg, in the midst of a wide plain, stands the Czar's country palace of Tsarskoe-Selo (Czar's Village), the great park of which is a very pretty place in fine summer weather. All through June and July you may see the Russian children running about under the trees by scores, with a shouting and laughing that would do the Czar's heart good to hear, if he were anywhere within reach. In every shady spot you are pretty sure to find a picnic party making merry on the grass, with two or three well-filled lunch-baskets beside them; and when you come to the little summer-houses near the lake, you will most likely find at least half a dozen people in each, gathered around a big bowl of *prostokvash*, which is the Russian name for curds and cream.

This lake is one of the great "sights" of the park, for it has a boat-house filled with a model of every kind of boat in the world, down to Greenland fishing-boats and Polynesian war-canoes; and when they are all sent floating over the lake after dark, hung with colored lamps, they make a very fine show, indeed. But there is something even better worth seeing a little farther on, and that is the Palace Museum, filled with strange presents which have been given to the Russian Czars by various Kings, savage or civilized, from a jeweled sword presented by the first Napoleon to a Persian carpet sent by the Ameer of Bokhara.

On a table near the door lies a very curious relic, which every one who comes in notices at once. It is a large silver dish, rolled up like a sheet of paper, so as to make a kind of funnel; and if you ask the old soldier who shows the museum how it came to be twisted up like that, he will give a knowing grin, and ask if you ever heard of Count Gregory Orloff.

This Gregory Orloff was a Russian Count who lived about a hundred years ago, and was not only a Count, but an Admiral as well, though there were people who said that if he had had to manage the fleet by himself, instead of having three or four excellent naval commanders to help him, he would have made a poor job of it. But whatever doubts there might be about his seamanship, there could be none about his strength, for he was one of the largest and most powerful men in Russia. Like many other giants, he was, perhaps, just a little too fond of showing off his great strength. Nothing pleased him more than to bend a horseshoe between his fingers, or pull out of the ground a stake which no one else could move; and if one of his sailors turned mutinous, and began to make a noise, Orloff would just take him by the throat, and shake him as a cat shakes a mouse, after which the brawler was usually quiet enough.

Now, it happened that one night this strong-handed Admiral was at an evening party at the palace, and, as he was handing a bouquet of flowers to one of the ladies, the silver paper which was wrapped around it slipped off. Orloff said nothing, but stepped to the supper-table, and, taking up a silver dish, rolled it up like a piece of paper, put the bouquet into it, and handed it to the lady; and this is the dish you see in the museum.

Not long after this Orloff arrived in St. Petersburg from a journey, and was met at his own door by a messenger from the palace, who told him that the Empress particularly wished to see him, and that he must go to her at once. Some men would have waited to put on their finest clothes, and to make themselves look quite gay and dandified; but the Admiral was used to obeying orders at once, and off he started for the palace, just as he was.

Now, while the Admiral had been journeying, there had come to the palace a new hall-porter who had never seen him before. This porter was a strong fellow, though not nearly as big as Orloff, and not a nice-tempered man by any means; so when he saw the Admiral's big, coarse-looking, ugly figure coming up to the door of the stately palace in a dusty traveling-dress, he shouted fiercely:

"Be off, you vagabond! You've no business here! Who are *you*, I should like to know?"

Orloff never answered, but stooped and picked up a long iron bar that fastened the door at night. One jerk of his great strong hands twisted it around the porter's neck like a ribbon, so that the poor fellow had to hold up the ends.

"Now, my boy," said he, with a broad grin, "go and show yourself to the Empress with that iron collar on, and she will know who I am!"

Then the porter knew at once that this must be the terrible Count Orloff, of whose strength he had heard so much, and he fell on his knees to ask pardon. But Orloff only laughed, and told him not to be quite so ready to judge a man by his outside another time; and, indeed, from that day forth, the porter was always civil to everybody.—*David Ker, in St. Nicholas.*

Wide-Awake Land.

Come, Freddie, time you were in bed long ago," said mamma.

"Don't want to go!" cried Fred. "I wish I never had to go to bed!"

But in a few moments Fred was snugly tucked away. Everything grew dim, and Fred's eyes began to close. Very soon he heard a little voice from somewhere, and started up.

Perched on his knee was the queerest little man he had ever seen. In one hand he held a long pin, and this he often thrust at Fred.

"What are you doing that for?" asked Fred. "To keep you awake," said the little dwarf. "You are in Wide-Awake Land, and no one goes to sleep here."

Fred sat up in bed and looked about. Was it really Wide-Awake Land? Needn't he ever go to bed again? "O, I am glad!" he said.

There were many other boys and girls in this queer land, and most of them looked very unhappy.

"What is the matter?" asked Fred of a little boy who was crying hard.

"I'm tired and sleepy," sobbed the boy.

"Why don't you go to sleep then?" asked Fred.

"Humph! I guess you haven't been here long, or you'd know."

"No, I've just come; I think it's nice."

"Wait till you get sleepy," said the boy. "I used to think Wide-Awake Land would be nice. I believe Sleepy Land would be nicer now."

"Yes," added Fred; "but why can't you go to sleep?"

"Because the little men that you see everywhere carry pins. They prick us when we try to sleep. O, I wish I hadn't come!" And the boy began to cry again. Fred thought he was very silly, and ran off to find some other newcomer.

Night came at last. Big lamps were hung on the trees and made the place as light as day. The little men were flying about to keep the sleepy ones awake.

Fred got sleepy at last, and began to nod. A little man thrust a big pin into him. "You must keep awake," he said. Fred tried hard, but his eyes would shut, and then would come the wicked pin. At last he screamed aloud.

"Why, Fred! what is the trouble?" and he looked up. There was mamma.

"I don't like Wide-Awake Land," cried Fred, "I will go to sleep when you want me to after this."

"I think you are dreaming, Fred," replied mamma.

"I was, but I am awake now."

"Well, dear, you are in Sleepy Land now. So good night, and pleasant dreams."—*Our Little Ones.*

Shaping the Future.

Over the gateway of the new year every one writes some new and inspiring resolution. Life may have been mean and small in the past, the days may have been full of selfishness, indifference or languor, but the days to come shall shine with the beauty of unselfish affection and be full of the fruits of honest work! It seems so easy to shape the future while it is the future. It stretches before the thought in its indefiniteness like a mountain lake at night, fading out into mist and yet reflecting in its mysterious depths the very splendor of the heavens. As we stand on the shores of the future and feel rather than see the infinite possibilities which shine in it, we forget that those glories are only the reflections of our own noblest purpose, and that there is no beauty and light there unless it be caught from ourselves.

The future is not a harvest field into which we can wander at will and reap the golden grain; it is an unsown field, to be plowed and sown and watched and worked upon with hourly fidelity and daily toil, if its furrows are to be hidden by the waving grain. There is nothing there but the soil upon which to work; everything else the worker must furnish. Opportunities will crowd the days, but will pass empty handed unless we recognize and hold them; suns will shine, rains fall, dews lie sweet and fresh under the morning sky, but the end of the year will find us as empty and poor as the beginning, unless we yoke all these elements of success and drive them with a firm and steady purpose.

Men and women who succeed greatly understand that the future is a matter of detail, and that he who conquers it makes his conquest foot by foot. No glowing resolution, solemnly made on the first day of the year, consecrates and redeems the time, but the heroic and steady discharge of the least and the smallest duty in the largest and the most aspiring spirit from sunrise to sunset, the whole year through. An hour at a time is all the busiest man gets for the grandest work, and to understand that the hour in hand is the best that will ever come in which to make one's soul visible and potential in action is to have mastered the secret of success. There is no form of imagination so fruitful as that which is able to mass the hours together and give their true proportions in spite of their poor and mean appearance. To know the value of the present hour is to know the value of the whole future. The shining stretch of that sea is as vast as the largest reach of thought can make it, but it pours itself into the individual life by a channel so small that men forget the volume back of the hourly flow, and are always waiting for the incoming tide which shall float the great purposes that now lie stranded and helpless.

Condense and compress your resolution, omit it from your diary and write on your hours. Be jealous of your moments, lavish your life and thought and heart on the things of each day, and when the months have made their solemn circle your resolution will lie written across them so broadly that the world will read it without your interpretation.—*Christian Union.*

—In this great society world lying around us, a critical analysis would find very few spontaneous actions. It is almost all custom and good sense.—*Emerson.*

—A new law in Kansas forbids any person to marry within six months after procuring a divorce

EXCITEMENT IN ROCHESTER.

The Commotion Caused by the Statement of a Physician.

An unusual article from the Rochester, N. Y., *Democrat and Chronicle*, was republished in this paper recently, and has been a subject of much conversation, both in professional circles and on the street. Apparently it caused even more commotion in Rochester, as the following from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. B. Henion, who is well known not only in Rochester but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper a few days since, which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experience and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal inquiries which have been made at our office as to the validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed an editorial necessity.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henion, at his residence on St. Paul street, when the following interview occurred: "That article of yours, Doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. Are the statements about the terrible condition you were in, and the way you were rescued, such as you can sustain?"

"Every one of them and many additional ones. Few people ever get so near the grave as I did and then return, and I am not surprised that the public think it marvelous. It was marvelous."

"How in the world did you, a physician, come to be brought so low?"

"By neglecting the first and most simple symptoms. I did not think I was sick. It is true I had frequent headaches; felt tired most of the time; could eat nothing one day and was ravenous the next; felt dull indefinite pains and my stomach was out of order, but I did not think it meant anything serious.

"But have these common ailments anything to do with the fearful Bright's disease which took so firm a hold on you?"

"Anything? Why, they are the sure indications of the first stages of that dreadful malady. The fact is, few people know or realize what ails them, and I am sorry to say that too few physicians do either."

"That is a strange statement, Doctor."

"But it is a true one. The medical profession have been treating symptoms instead of diseases for years, and it is high time it ceased. We doctors have been clipping off the twigs when we should strike at the root. The symptoms I have just mentioned or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels indicate the approach of Bright's disease even more than a cough announces the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs. We should not waste our time trying to relieve the headache, stomach, pains about the body or other symptoms, but go directly to the kidneys, the source of most of these ailments."

"This, then, is what you meant when you said that more than one-half the deaths which occur arise from Bright's disease, is it Doctor?"

"Precisely. Thousands of so-called diseases are torturing people to-day, when in reality it is Bright's disease in some one of its many forms. It is a hydra-headed monster, and the slightest symptoms should strike terror to every one who has them. I can look back and recall hundreds of deaths which physicians declared at the time were caused by paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, pneumonia, malarial fever and other common complaints which I see now were caused by Bright's disease."

"And did all these cases have simple symptoms at first?"

"Every one of them, and might have been cured as I was by the timely use of the same remedy — Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. I am getting my eyes thoroughly opened in this matter and think I am helping others to see the facts and their possible danger also. Why, there are no end of truths bearing on this subject. If you want to know more about it go and see Mr. Warner himself. He was sick the same as I, and is the healthiest man in Rochester to-day. He has made a study of this subject and can give you more facts than I can. Go, too, and see Dr. Lattimore, the chemist, at the University. If you want facts there are any quantity of them showing the alarming increase of Bright's disease, its simple and deceptive symptoms, and that there is but one way by which it can be escaped."

Fully satisfied of the truth and force of the Doctor's words, the reporter bade him good day and called on Mr. Warner at his establishment on Exchange street. At first Mr. Warner was inclined to be reticent, but learning that the information desired was about the alarming increase of Bright's disease, his manner changed instantly and he spoke very earnestly:

"It is true that Bright's disease has increased wonderfully, and we find, by reliable statistics, that in the past ten years its growth has been 250 per cent. Look at the prominent men it has carried off: Everett, Sumner, Chase, Wilson, Carpenter, Bishop Haven and others. This is terrible and shows a greater growth than that of any other known complaint. It must be plain to every one that something must be done to check this increase or there is no knowing where it may end."

"Do you think many people are afflicted with it to-day who do not realize it, Mr. Warner?"

"Hundreds of thousands. I have a striking example of this truth which has just come to my notice. A prominent professor in a New Orleans medical college was lecturing before his class on the subject of Bright's disease. He had various fluids under microscopic analysis and was showing the students what the indications of this terrible malady were. In order to draw the contrast between healthy and unhealthy fluids he had provided a vial the contents of which were drawn from his own person. 'And now, gentlemen,' he said, 'as we have seen the unhealthy indications, I will show you how it appears in a state of perfect health,' and he submitted his own fluid to the usual test. As he watched the results his countenance suddenly changed—his color and command both left him and in a trembling voice he said: 'Gentlemen, I have made a painful discovery; *I* have Bright's disease of the kidneys" and in less than a year he was dead."

"You believe then that it has no symptoms of its own and is frequently unknown even by the person who is afflicted with it?"

"It has no symptoms of its own and very often none at all. Usually no two people have the same symptoms, and frequently death is the first symptom. The slightest indications of any kidney difficulty should be enough to strike terror to any one. I know what I am talking about, for I have been through all the stages of kidney disease."

"You know of Dr. Henion's case?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it."

"It is very wonderful, is it not?"

"A very prominent case, but no more so than a great many others that have come to my notice as having been cured by the same means."

"You believe then that Bright's disease can be cured?"

"I know it can. I know it from the experience of hundreds of prominent persons who were given up to die by both their physicians and friends."

"You speak of your own experience, what was it?"

"A fearful one. I had felt languid and unfitted for business for years. But I did not know what ailed me. When, however, I found it was kidney difficulty I thought there was little hope and so did the doctors. I have since learned that one of the physicians of this city pointed me out to a gentleman on the street one day, saying: 'There goes a man who will be dead within a year.' I believe his words would have proven true if I had not fortunately secured and used the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure."

"And this caused you to manufacture it?"

"No, it caused me to investigate. I went to the principal cities with Dr. Craig, the discoverer, and saw the physicians prescribing and using it and saw that Dr. Craig was unable, with his facilities, to supply the medicine to thousands who wanted it. I therefore determined, as a duty I owed humanity and the suffering, to bring it within their reach, and now it is known in every part of America, is sold in every drug store, and has become a household necessity."

The reporter left Mr. Warner, much impressed with the earnestness and sincerity of his statements and next paid a visit to Dr. S. A. Lattimore, at his residence on Prince street. Dr. Lattimore, although busily engaged upon some matters connected with the State Board of Health, of which he is one of the analysts, courteously answered the questions that were propounded him:

"Did you make a chemical analysis of the case of Mr. H. H. Warner some three years ago, Doctor?

"Yes, sir."

"What did this analysis show you?"

"The presence of albumen and tube casts in great abundance."

"And what did the symptoms indicate?"

"A serious disease of the kidneys."

"Did you think Mr. Warner could recover?"

"No, sir. I did not think it possible. It was seldom, indeed, that so pronounced a case had, up to that time, ever been cured."

"Do you know anything about the remedy which cured him?"

"Yes. I have chemically analyzed it and upon critical examination, find it entirely free from any poisonous or deleterious substances."

We publish the foregoing statements in view of the commotion which the publicity of Dr. Henion's article has caused and to meet the protestations which have been made. The standing of Dr. Henion, Mr. Warner and Dr. Lattimore in the community is beyond question and the statements they make, cannot for a moment be doubted. They conclusively show that Bright's disease of the kidneys is one of the most deceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is exceedingly common, alarmingly increasing and that it can be cured.

A Career Which Recalls the Experience of "Coal-Oil Johnny."

"George H. Nesbit has been expelled from this Exchange." This brief dispatch from the Pittsburgh Petroleum Exchange made interesting reading for the New York petroleum brokers yesterday. There is no man alive of whom these same brokers love so much to talk as George H. Nesbit, and when business was over yesterday afternoon the oil speculators gathered in little groups on the floors of their exchange and told innumerable stories, good, bad and indifferent, in all of which the subject of the Pittsburgh dispatch figured.

Nesbit is a queer fellow, and his career has been a strange one. A year ago he suddenly appeared in New York. He was rich then—a millionaire, perhaps—and he was as reckless as he was rich. He casually called in at the Petroleum Exchange while seeing the sights. Just fresh from the Pennsylvania oil regions, he was interested in everything pertaining to petroleum. He was disgusted with the slowness of things in the Exchange. He had no respect for men who bought oils in lots of a few hundred barrels. He had cherished the idea that New York was something of a town, and his disappointment was marked; but what New york couldn't do for herself, Nesbit determined he would do for her. He had his private secretary along with him, and in a careless, off-hand way he ordered the purchase of a certificate of membership, paying out on the spot the $200 or $300 for which the certificates were then selling. Mr. Nesbit proceeded to business at once, and the magnates of the Exchange looked on in astonishment. From an operator who was dispensing "privileges" the new member called for 50,000 barrels as an initial investment. The man of privileges did not allow his amazement to interfere with his trade, and smiled serenely as he put $650 commission into his wallet. Nesbit loomed into a hero immediately. The "little operation" in 50,000 barrels was an indifferent matter, he insisted, and did not hesitate to unload as promptly as he had purchased and with an equal carelessness as to prices and profits. He took his private Secretary out for a whiff of fresh air and a few more sights, and then dropped into the Exchange again. More than one operator wanted to supply him with "privileges" this time. He turned none away empty. Everything that was offered he bought, and that, too, with ready cash. In five minutes he had purchased 350,000 barrels of petroleum at prices in no instance under regular quotations. Then he placidly sauntered out into the street. He made no money by his transactions. His losses are unknown, and rumor places them at widely-varying figures. But he had done "big things" among the oil-brokers. He had acquired fame. He seemed to be happy, and the brokers certainly were. The next day he transferred his certificate of membership to a Wall street man, and started on a journey homeward toward the oil regions.

Fortune has not smiled on Nesbit since. His schemes have miscarried and his recent career has been blotted all through with disaster and ill-luck. The end was announced yesterday in the telegram reporting his expulsion from the Pittsburgh Exchange. The reason for that expulsion is said to be inability to meet outstanding contracts. On similar grounds it is reported that he has been expelled from the Bradford (Pa.) Exchange, where for a long time he was the controlling spirit. In 1876 he was the big man of the Parker (Pa.) Exchange. Then Parker was chief among the oil centers, and Nesbit was probably the heaviest operator of the country. His speculations were on the most stupendous scale, not infrequently involving millions of dollars in a single day. When a mere boy he started for the oil regions to make his "fortune." He struck rare luck, and was soon in control of some of the finest and most valuable properties in the oil district. In Pleasantville, in the Bullion and Bradford oil fields, and in Butler County he was very successful. As a producer he grew rich quickly. It was not till within the last half-dozen years that he launched out into speculation. He seemed to care nothing for risks. The magnitude of his operations for a time placed him virtually above competition, and, by sheer good fortune, he was not knocked under. Reminiscences not a few are recited illustrating his indulgence in freaks such as that which moved him to buy a membership in the New York Exchange, operate in a reckless fashion for a single day, and then suddenly withdraw. He was very liberal, and his charitable acts were numerous. His faults, according to the stories told by those who knew him in his palmiest days, have always been to his own hurt only.—*N. Y. Times.*

—With a pale, almost bloodless face, deep-set and brilliant eyes, hair and eyebrows snow white, Cardinal Manning presents an imposing appearance, the robe and scull-cap of scarlet silk emphasizing the effect.

—Dr. C. C. Graham, of Kentucky, who was born, ninety-eight years ago, in a stockade fort near Danville, has seen that State grow into a great commonwealth from a wilderness of giant forests and canebrakes.